Nevermore

(TARDIS materialisation. Walking inside TARDIS. Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Gymnasium ... Gymnasium?
TAMSIN DREW: Looks more like a torture chamber.
THE DOCTOR: Same difference.
(Door closed. Another door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah yes. Beach.
(Sound of seashore.)
TAMSIN DREW: Isn't that ... Margate?
THE DOCTOR: Just a mile of it. There's a reason it's here, I can't quite remember?
TAMSIN DREW: A mile of Margate? What's in the next room, a furlong of Frinton?
THE DOCTOR: Seagulls, that's what ... Mind.
(Door closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Not ordinary seagulls, then.
THE DOCTOR: Definitely not. Wait, Tamsin, wait.
(Opening doors.)
TAMSIN DREW: Laundry ... Greenhouse...
(TAMSIN DREW gasps at a sudden blast.)
THE DOCTOR: Sauna.
TAMSIN DREW: Sauna?
THE DOCTOR: Standard issue.
TAMSIN DREW: It is just us, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: How do you mean?
TAMSIN DREW: In here, there's no-one else?
THE DOCTOR: Not unless you count the Fledershrews, no.
TAMSIN DREW: Fleder-what?
THE DOCTOR: Or the seagulls, I suppose. Oh and the, er, the ghost.
TAMSIN DREW: You're having me on. Doctor. Doctor.
(Walking back. Console room sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: And back to the control room.
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah, we've only been three hours. You could have warned me. I'd have taken sensible shoes.
THE DOCTOR: There's no rush. We can work through the remaining floors at our leisure.
TAMSIN DREW: There's more?
THE DOCTOR: I've got a map somewhere. We can always tear bits off to make a paper trail, in the event of our getting lost.
TAMSIN DREW: Er, I thought you said it was just us in here?
THE DOCTOR: Mm.
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah. It all makes sense. You look the type.
THE DOCTOR: Er, erm, what, what? Type?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, there's two types, obviously, but you're not a serial killer, so...
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, what in Space are you on about now?
TAMSIN DREW: Single man lives on his own loves his cat. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Hello, puss, aren't you beautiful?
THE DOCTOR: That thing isn't mine.
(Hiss of cat.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh yes, he's a grumpy old cat daddy, isn't he?
(Snarling.)
TAMSIN DREW: Ow! Stratchy great flea-bag. Off, off!
THE DOCTOR: No, you don't understand. I don't have a cat.
TAMSIN DREW: What's that then? Bagpuss? Ow!
THE DOCTOR: We have to get it out of here. Broom, broom!
TAMSIN DREW: What's the car impression in aid of?
THE DOCTOR: Pass me the broom. Oh, I'll fetch it myself.
(Bleeps.)
TAMSIN DREW: It's walking on your controls now. Come down there right this minute, you.
THE DOCTOR: Get off, off, off!
(Cat meow.)
TAMSIN DREW: It really isn't yours, is it?

THE DOCTOR: I told you, no, and for the record, Miss Drew, I am not...
(They cry out as though being hurled to one side.)
TAMSIN DREW: Lonely. I meant lonely.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, what have you done, you wretched animal.
TAMSIN DREW: What *has* it done?
THE DOCTOR: It's only gone and set the co-ordinates.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, Animals Do the Funniest Things.
THE DOCTOR: Now quick, grab it, grab it, grab it before it...
TAMSIN DREW: Before it what?
THE DOCTOR: It's too late. Emergency stop. Hold on tight.
(Sudden movement, cat meow.)
TAMSIN DREW: That's what? Landing?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
TAMSIN DREW: No, I don't like that.
THE DOCTOR: Ah ... ah, got ya, got ya! Ow, ow, ow, ow, Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: What?
THE DOCTOR: The doors, open the doors.
TAMSIN DREW: How?
THE DOCTOR: That big lever to your right.
TAMSIN DREW: Do I push it up or down?
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't matter.
TAMSIN DREW: Oity, keep your fur on.
(TARDIS door opening. Hissing.)
THE DOCTOR: Yeah ... and stay out!
(Cat meow.)
THE DOCTOR: I don't care, you're on your own.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, we're leaving.
TAMSIN DREW: Where are we? It's ... wow, a Bauhaus Palace or something.
THE DOCTOR: Some modernist revivalist. I said we're leaving.
TAMSIN DREW: Where is this, Spain? It's like Nineteen Thirties but not.
THE DOCTOR: Try the blind.
(Window blind moved aside.)
TAMSIN DREW: It won't go.
THE DOCTOR: Touchpad to your right.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. Not Nineteen Thirties then.
(Bleeps. Blinds sliding aside.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, it's...
THE DOCTOR: It's not Spain.
TAMSIN DREW: It's like Goya, like Hell...
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, those aren't fires, that's mist.
TAMSIN DREW: Red mist, beautiful but...
(Bleeps, shutters close.)
TAMSIN DREW: Wait, what did you do that for?
THE DOCTOR: Supra-violet radiation. Not a sight for human eyes, not if you want to keep 'em that is.
TAMSIN DREW: Then ... then we're not ... on Earth?
THE DOCTOR: Evidently.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh - wobbly legs, I might need to sit down.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, we should be going.
TAMSIN DREW: But the cat.
THE DOCTOR: Never mind the cat.
TAMSIN DREW: You can't leave it here on, you know, an alien planet.
THE DOCTOR: I can if it's an alien cat.
TAMSIN DREW: What?
THE DOCTOR: Cats are big on my home planet.
TAMSIN DREW: Right...
THE DOCTOR: Once every President of Gallifrey had a Presidential cat. Until the incident with the giant mice, of course.
TAMSIN DREW: Are you making this up?

THE DOCTOR: The point is, no ordinary moggie could pilot a TARDIS. Could it!
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, someone might hear.
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't matter because we're leaving.
TAMSIN DREW: Er, Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: What?
TAMSIN DREW: Where's it gone?
THE DOCTOR: I told you, I don't care. Tamsin, please. I've an infinity of worlds to show you.
TAMSIN DREW: And I can't wait to see them but first I'm finding that cat.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, c-come back! Come - Tamsin!
TAMSIN DREW: Who's to say it's not a stray? It could have got in any time. Look, it can't have gone far. I'll be two minutes.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, for heaven's sake.

THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Two minutes, and not a moment more.
RAVEN 1: There are life signs in the reception annexe.
RAVEN 2: This is not expected, not so soon.
(Bleeps.)
RAVEN 1: Two humanoid heading west.
RAVEN 2: They are premature. We must greet them.
RAVEN 1: Wait! There is a third reading, not a humanoid.
RAVEN 2: Then what?
RAVEN 1: Feline.
RAVEN 2: It must be expelled to the exterior.
RAVEN 1: To the beyond.
RAVEN 2: To the Nevermore.
RAVEN 1: Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore.
(RAVEN 1 caws.)

(Walking.)
TAMSIN DREW: Now then. Doorway. Touchpad.
(Bleeps. Door slides open.)
TAMSIN DREW: Easy. Here, puss, puss, puss, puss! Here! Oh, there you are, puss! How did you manage the door?
(Door slides closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, never mind. Oh, who likes a tickle? You likes a tickle, yes you do. There's a lovely boy. Oh, girl, sorry. Oh, someone's missing you, aren't they? I bet somewhere in space there's a lamppost with your picture on it.
(Cat purrs.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, there we go, puss. Don't worry. Nice Auntie Tamsin won't let that nasty Doctor anywhere near you.
(Bleeps)
TAMSIN DREW: Hey.
(Bleeps.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor? Doctor, the door's locked. Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Two minutes. Time's up! Tamsin! I'm leaving, I mean it!
(Door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: At last. Come on, we...
(Thumping on ground of walking.)
RAVEN 2: Humanoid heading west.
RAVEN 1: You are premature. Greetings.
THE DOCTOR: Greetings? I don't suppose you've seen another humanoid hereabouts?
RAVEN 2: Heading west.
THE DOCTOR: East, I hope. Maybe with a cat?
(Bleeps.)
RAVEN 1: All western approaches are sealed.
RAVEN 2: The feline must be expelled.
RAVEN 1: To the exterior.
RAVEN 2: To the Nevermore.

THE DOCTOR: To the what?
RAVEN 2: Nevermore.
RAVEN 1: Nevermore.
RAVEN 2: Nevermore.
RAVEN 1: Nevermore.
RAVEN 2: Nevermore.
RAVEN 1: Nevermore.
(They caw.)

(Bleeps. Shutters moving.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh no, the shutters. Don't look, puss. Doctor! Doctor, help!

RAVEN 2: Nevermore.
RAVEN 1: Nevermore.
RAVEN 2: Nevermore.
RAVEN 1: Nevermore.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Quoth the raven. Nevermore. Of course, you're ravens. Great big walking robot ravens.
(Bleeps.)
RAVEN 1: Confirmed. Western approaches are sealed.
RAVEN 2: Shutters are opening. The Red Death will come.
THE DOCTOR: First Ravens, now the Red Death?
RAVEN 1: The feline will be expelled.
RAVEN 2: Eliminated.
RAVEN 1: Expunged.
THE DOCTOR: Red Death, red mist. Oh no!
(Banging on locked door.)
THE DOCTOR: You, open the doors.
RAVEN 2: You order us?
THE DOCTOR: You don't understand. You've shut my assistant in there.
RAVEN 1: Assistant? Identity registered as Ward, female, forename, Berenice.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no. Drew. Female, forename, Tamsin.
RAVEN 2: You have replaced your assistant?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I have. Now please, reseal the shutters, open the door.
RAVEN 1: You are Senior Prosecutor Uglosi?
THE DOCTOR: Uglo... who ... Yes, yes. Yes I am.
RAVEN 2: Confirm your identity, Senior Prosecutor Uglosi.
THE DOCTOR: Senior Prosecutor Uglosi. You've just said it.
(Walking towards him.)
RAVEN 1: Full recital of credentials required.
RAVEN 2: Or you too will be expelled.

(Cat meows.)
TAMSIN DREW: Save your claws, puss, it won't open.
(Cat meows. TAMSIN DREW coughing, choking.)
TAMSIN DREW: No ... The mist. Doctor! (Cough.) It's the mist! It's in here! I can't breathe. Doctor!

RAVENS: Recite! Recite! Recite! Recite! Recite! Recite!
THE DOCTOR: Quoth the Ravens. A recital you want, is it? Well, let me guess. Red Death, ravens, nevermore ... Nevermore. A recital from the works of the Nineteenth Century writer Edgar Allan Poe.
RAVEN 1: Recite or die.
THE DOCTOR: Well, since you put it like that...
(He clears his throat.)
THE DOCTOR: Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore ... What, do you want the whole poem? Ah ... While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

(Rapping on door and coughing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor...
(Coughing.)
TAMSIN DREW: It's inside me. The red mist.
(Choking.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Ah, 'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, tapping at my chamber door - 'Only this, and nothing more.' Look, this thing goes on and on, you know, this was Edgar all over. Never used one word when ten will do.
(Cawing.)
RAVEN 1: Incorrect. One chance remaining.
RAVEN 2: Recite the correct section.
RAVEN 1: Or die.
THE DOCTOR: From the Raven, then. Filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ... No ... Presently my soul grew stronger ... er, no ... Erm - And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
RAVEN: Get him.
RAVEN 2: Confirm.
(Walking towards him again.)
THE DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! I know. Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore - Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!
RAVEN 1: Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'
(THE DOCTOR sighs.)
RAVEN 2: Confirmed. You are Senior Prosecutor Uglosi.
THE DOCTOR: Yes I am. Now then, kindly release my assistant.
(Bleeps.)
RAVEN 2: Agreed. All shutters closing.
(They caw.)

(Shutters close.)
TAMSIN DREW: (weak) Oh, at last. Now the doors, please.

RAVEN 2: Shutters sealed.
THE DOCTOR: Now the doors, please.
RAVEN 1: This is impossible.
THE DOCTOR: I am Senior Prosecutor Uglosi, remember. Doors.
RAVEN 2: The Red Death is present.
RAVEN 1: The area must be decontaminated first.
THE DOCTOR: Must it?
RAVEN 1: Your assistant is safe.
RAVEN 2: Confirmed.
THE DOCTOR: I suppose that's something.
RAVEN 1: Would you care to see the prisoner now?
THE DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
RAVEN 2: Prisoner Morella Wendigo.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm not all that f... No, hold on. Did you say Morella Wendigo?

TAMSIN DREW: Oh, bored now. I said bored now!
(Cat noises.)
TAMSIN DREW: What's that, puss?
(Door slides open.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: A feline? Unexpected. What is it that you're doing here?
TAMSIN DREW: Gosh, you're human, aren't you? Hi, I'm Tamsin.
(Cat meows. Sound of decontamination machine on.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: Decontamination. It's nothing to worry about.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, okay.
MORELLA WENDIGO: I wasn't talking to you. Here.
(Clicks fingers.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: Here.

TAMSIN DREW: I'm sorry?
MORELLA WENDIGO: You're perfectly safe. The Death only targets human DNA.
TAMSIN DREW: The Death? You mean the mist?
MORELLA WENDIGO: I'm afraid I can't be sure about your pet.
(Cat meows.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: Oh, I see. Run along, then.
TAMSIN DREW: Hey, just where do you think you're going?
MORELLA WENDIGO: That's a highly intelligent specimen. Tamsin, you said?
TAMSIN DREW: Tamsin Drew, yes. It's only a cat.
MORELLA WENDIGO: You've no idea who I am, have you?
TAMSIN DREW: Should I?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Nor any idea where you are. Bizarre.
TAMSIN DREW: Please, the mist. What's it done to me?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Maybe nothing. There's a chance of cellular mutation.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, I'll grow an extra head, will I?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Yours was only a limited exposure. A third eye, perhaps.
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry?
MORELLA WENDIGO: I can't decide, Tamsin Drew. Do you lack intelligence, or just a sense of humour?

RAVEN 1: Decontamination complete.
THE DOCTOR: So long as she's all right.
(Ravens caw.)
RAVEN 2: Prisoner life signs normal.
THE DOCTOR: I meant ... Oh never mind.
(Door glides open.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, you're being funny? Sorry, it's so hard to tell through the poker face.
MORELLA WENDIGO: I've gone twenty years without human contact. Congratulations, Tamsin Drew. I'm bored with you already.
TAMSIN DREW: Gosh. Somewhere there's a charm school that ought to give out refunds.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin! Making friends?
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, at last. You, er ... seem to have picked up a couple of birds.
(Ravens walking.)
THE DOCTOR: Ravens, specifically.
RAVEN: Where is the feline?
TAMSIN DREW: Feline? What feline?
RAVEN 1: There was a feline.
(Cawing, bleeps.)
RAVEN 2: New reading. Feline heading south.
RAVEN 1: Pursue the feline.
(Walking off while cawing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Well, that's put the cat among the pigeons.
THE DOCTOR: Ravens. I take it you're Morella Wendigo?
MORELLA WENDIGO: I am.
TAMSIN DREW: Don't shake her hand, she'll bite it off.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not shaking her hand.
MORELLA WENDIGO: No, I realise that.
TAMSIN DREW: Right, I appear to have walked in on the finals of the intergalactic all-comers rudeness competition.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Oh, there's a very good reason he's not shaking my hand.
TAMSIN DREW: There is?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Because I'm a monster.
TAMSIN DREW: What, a space monster?
(MORELLA WENDIGO laughs.)
THE DOCTOR: No, just an everyday human one.
MORELLA WENDIGO: I like you. You are...?
THE DOCTOR: My name is Senior Prosecutor Uglosi.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Please. You know that I know that's a lie.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, you really gave that away.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, thank you ... Stanislavsky.

(Whine of rocket motors.)
THE PILOT: We'll be beginning descent in half-period. Sir, Ma'am, you're going to have to put the blackout visors on. You got a supra-radiation filter to the right.
(Bleeps.)
UGLOSI: Working.
BERENICE: Erm ... working.
THE PILOT: Roger that. Beginning descent.

MORELLA WENDIGO: Doctor, she said. Doctor who?
THE DOCTOR: Never mind me. Tamsin, cat or no cat, we're leaving.
MORELLA WENDIGO: So soon?
TAMSIN DREW: You took the words right out of my mouth.
THE DOCTOR: The Ravens call this world Nevermore. Would you care to know why?
TAMSIN DREW: Er...
MORELLA WENDIGO: I don't think you've any choice in the matter.
THE DOCTOR: Once they called it Corinth Minor, a little diamond in the rough nestling amid the chaos of Cassiopeia. A popular holiday destination.
MORELLA WENDIGO: What, you didn't stay?
THE DOCTOR: A little like Lanzarote, if the volcanoes of Lanzarote showered gemstones not lava.
TAMSIN DREW: Gemstones?
THE DOCTOR: Semiprecious, but pretty nonetheless. It was Corinth Minor's misfortune to became a playground for the rich and famous, including a military commander whose name escapes me now.
MORELLA WENDIGO: General Verdagast.
THE DOCTOR: That was it. Verdagast was embroiled in a particularly nasty factional war against another of the Cassiopeian colonies. A rival General, however, saw an opportunity to stage an assassination, and detonated a bacteriological weapon in Corinth Minor's troposphere.
TAMSIN DREW: This Red Death?
THE DOCTOR: No, it had no colour. Faced with an outbreak of a hitherto unknown flesh-eating plague in such a densely-populated region, the Galactic Authority sought the help of the Time Lords.
TAMSIN DREW: Who are...?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, you're new, aren't you?
MORELLA WENDIGO: The Time Lords passed the planet through a cloud of supra-violet radiation, a kill or cure approach.
TAMSIN DREW: So did it kill, or did it cure?

BERENICE: It's so red. Even with the visor.
UGLOSI: You ought to have seen it twenty years ago.
BERENICE: It's still here. After all this time, it's still here.
UGLOSI: The Red Death devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous.

MORELLA WENDIGO: There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding of the pores with dissolution. And the whole seizure progress and termination of the disease were the incidence of half an hour.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I recognise the quote.
TAMSIN DREW: Was it really like that? Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I believe a few survived, for a time.

UGLOSI: And darkness and decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.
THE PILOT: Should be coming inside of the house.
BERENICE: Where?

MORELLA WENDIGO: The authorities renamed Corinth "Nevermore" as a reminder of the folly of war. Ironic since so few choose to remember it.
TAMSIN DREW: And that's here?
MORELLA WENDIGO: A planet no-one's visited in over twenty years.

THE DOCTOR: I remember. I remember the name of General Verdagast's rival. The one who let the bacterium loose on Corinth in the first place. Wendigo. Commander Morella Wendigo.
TAMSIN DREW: Her?
THE DOCTOR: Condemned by a war crimes tribunal to a lifetime's contemplation of the uninhabitable surface of the planet she destroyed. Harsh, but appropriate.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Verdagast was a warmonger. My action prevented an inter-colonial war from going intergalactic.
THE DOCTOR: And that, Tamsin, is why we're leaving. There is no excuse, none whatsoever.
TAMSIN DREW: But Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: I would sooner break bread with Pol Pot than spend a moment more in the company of this creature.
(Whirring.)
TAMSIN DREW: No Doctor, listen. Outside.
THE DOCTOR: It's a helicopter.
TAMSIN DREW: Er - if no-one's visited here in twenty years, what are the odds we should all drop by on the exact same day?

RAVEN 1: Copter touchdown is complete.
RAVEN 2: Seal copter bay roof.

BERENICE: What's the delay? Pilot?
THE PILOT: Got to wait for the roof to shut, Miss.
UGLOSI: The house is entirely self-contained, Berenice. The perfect prison.
BERENICE: Perfect, Senior Prosecutor?
UGLOSI: I should know. I designed it.
BERENICE: You did?
(Door closed.)
THE PILOT: Okay. You're good to exit.
UGLOSI: After you.
(Door opened.)
BERENICE: Wow. Can I live here?
THE PILOT: Got to commit mass murder first.
UGLOSI: You don't appreciate the psychology of it, Berenice? Professionally speaking.
BERENICE: Psychology?
MORELLA WENDIGO: My punishment was to contemplate my crime. Had my environment been impoverished, I might have found solace in railing against the indignity of my circumstances. That I believe was the theory.
UGLOSI: Good day, Morella.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Uglosi. And your little friend is?
BERENICE: W-ward. Doctor Berenice W-ward.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Does she always shake like that, Uglosi?
UGLOSI: Only when she meets monsters, Morella.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Funny. The thing is, I already have a Doctor.
UGLOSI: I don't understand.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Follow me.
(Walking off.)
BERENICE: C-commander Wendigo. This isn't a social call.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Oh yes. The killings on Major.
BERENICE: You know?
UGLOSI: (laugh) She knows.
MORELLA WENDIGO: The Ravens briefed me. You'll be pleased to hear I have all the answers you need. Here, in the lounge.
(Bleeps. Door slides opened. Walking in.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, here she comes.
THE DOCTOR: Manners, Tamsin.
MORELLA WENDIGO: As you see, I have company.
UGLOSI: What?
THE DOCTOR: Hello, I'm the Doctor, this is Miss Drew. We would stand, but er...
TAMSIN DREW: The Wicked Witch of the West tied us up.
THE PILOT: Kinky.

TAMSIN DREW: Well, her bird things did, wherever they are, hunting that poor cat probab...
BERENICE: But - surely the house is impregnable.
UGLOSI: I am aware of that fact, Berenice. How did they...?
MORELLA WENDIGO: There is a time and space capsule on the reception annexe.
UGLOSI: Then ... they must be...
BERENICE: Prosecutor, you don't look well. You should sit down.
UGLOSI: Now, don't fuss, girl.
MORELLA WENDIGO: They're Time Lords, obviously.
THE DOCTOR: I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.
THE PILOT: Me neither. What are Time Lords?
UGLOSI: Pilot, you are dismissed.
THE PILOT: She...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Follow the corridor around to the observation wing. A Raven will make up quarters for you.
THE PILOT: Okay, I'm leaving, I'm leaving.
(Walking off. Door slides closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, he's off. Isn't anyone going to explain what's going on in this ... prison, madhouse, both?
THE DOCTOR: Tams - Tams - don't wriggle. You'll get friction burns.
TAMSIN DREW: You get tied up all the time, I suppose?
THE DOCTOR: I have some experience, yes. May I hazard a guess as to your identity, sir?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Like you don't know.
UGLOSI: I, sir. I am...
THE DOCTOR: You are Senior Prosecutor Uglosi, I realise that, but ... perhaps you'd care to explain the situation to my assistant, who I might add, is entirely ignorant.
TAMSIN DREW: I beg your pardon?
BERENICE: Innocent then.
TAMSIN DREW: That's better. Berenice, wasn't it?
BERENICE: Y-yes.
THE DOCTOR: Interesting name. I am a Time Lord, Uglosi. You really should sit down.
UGLOSI: Very well. You are aware that this woman Commander Wendigo is a prisoner here?
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, we've established that, and why.
UGLOSI: Of course. Her crime was not committed in isolation. Four of her lieutenants were charged with conspiring to commit genocide.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Assassination.
UGLOSI: But the charges against all four were reduced when the commander here assumed sole responsibility for the incident.
TAMSIN DREW: What? "Zey were only obeying orders."
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin.
UGLOSI: All four had served twenty years in a secure institution, all four were due for release following psychological evaluation.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh! Do-gooders, eh?
BERENICE: As a matter of fact, I conducted the pre-release interviews.
UGLOSI: And all four were found dead in their cells the night before release.
THE DOCTOR: Suicides?
BERENICE: Torn to shreds, as if by some animal.
THE DOCTOR: Oh! I love a locked room mystery.
TAMSIN DREW: So you think this Wendigo woman's responsible?
UGLOSI: Far from it.
MORELLA WENDIGO: They think I'm next.
UGLOSI: Well, Doctor? Is that not the case?
THE DOCTOR: Oh no you don't.
TAMSIN DREW: No they don't what?
THE DOCTOR: Isn't it obvious? They're making out that I - we - killed those prisoners.
TAMSIN DREW: They're not!
MORELLA WENDIGO: We are, you know.
UGLOSI: Berenice, Morella, a word in private, please.
(Bleeps, door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: Prosecutor ... Prosecutor, listen.
(Door slides closed.)

THE DOCTOR: Good, they've gone. Now, don't worry. It won't take me a moment to get free of these.
TAMSIN DREW: Uh-uh. Friction burns?
THE DOCTOR: Yes well, I know what I'm doing. As well I might, being the former proégé of the handcuff king himself. Oh, that's a ... double loop. I never got as far as the double loop.
TAMSIN DREW: Ah! I did.
THE DOCTOR: What ... How on earth did you manage that...?
TAMSIN DREW: I did a Circus Arts module at drama school. Hold still, this shouldn't take long.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, you got lucky. That's good. Luck's important. Ow.
TAMSIN DREW: Unlucky, I must have accidentally pulled the cord tighter.
THE DOCTOR: Miss Drew, truly you are Robert Houdin reborn.
TAMSIN DREW: Rosabelle Believe.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
TAMSIN DREW: What now? We can't go out the door.
THE DOCTOR: No, but I've got a sonic screwdriver here that's just itching to have a go at those wall panels.
(Tapping.)
THE DOCTOR: Hollow, you see?
(Sonic screwdriver.)
TAMSIN DREW: What, we're going to run around inside the wainscoting?
THE DOCTOR: Well, don't tell me you didn't get as far as contortionism?
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, but that was years ago before they invented mochaccinos.
(Moving wall panel away.)
THE DOCTOR: That's got it. You first. Actually, thinking about it...
(UGLOSI cry.)
TAMSIN DREW: Wasn't that...?
THE DOCTOR: Uglosi. Bang goes the escape plan.

(UGLOSI cry, door slides open. Meow.)
UGLOSI: No, no, no!
TAMSIN DREW: The cat!
THE DOCTOR: What, again?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Ravens, follow that feline. Kill it, now.
RAVENS: Seek and destroy the feline.
(They caw.)
TAMSIN DREW: Not if I get him first you won't.
THE DOCTOR: Look, Tamsin, stay here - Please!
RAVENS: The feline must be destroyed.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin! Oh, what's the use.
UGLOSI: I ... I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.
BERENICE: Please, Prosecutor. You must be calm.
THE DOCTOR: What happened here? Miss Wendigo?
MORELLA WENDIGO: The Ravens caught the cat and brought it here. Uglosi, however, has a horror of felines.
THE DOCTOR: A what?
MORELLA WENDIGO: A mortal horror. You're still making out it's a coincidence that you just happened to bring that animal here?
THE DOCTOR: No, but ... a fear of cats?
BERENICE: Allurophobia. It's not funny. He's in shock. I - I must return to the copter. There are tranquillisers there.
(Running off.)
UGLOSI: Whenever I sat, it would spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber to my breast. Although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, by absolute dread of the beast.
THE DOCTOR: The Black Cat. Poe, again.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Uglosi. Are you there? Uglosi!
UGLOSI: Alas! neither by day nor by night I knew the blessing of Rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of

unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight.

(THE PILOT gasps.)
TAMSIN DREW: Cat! Where have you got to?
(TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
THE PILOT: Help me. Please.
TAMSIN DREW: Who are you?
THE PILOT: Pilot ... I'm a Pilot.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh my God.
THE PILOT: Please. I'm bleeding.
TAMSIN DREW: Everywhere, yes. It's all right. I've got you. Help!
THE PILOT: Got me. With its claws.
TAMSIN DREW: What did.
THE PILOT: Cutting ... and cutting ... and cutting...

THE DOCTOR: Uglosi. Speak to me. Come on, Uglosi.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Save it, Doctor. He is catatonic.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, he's traumatised, yes, but ... Oh, hilarious. Thank you, Miss Wendigo.
MORELLA WENDIGO: My pleasure.
(UGLOSI groans.)
THE DOCTOR: You see, he's still with us.
UGLOSI: Has ... has the feline gone? Morella?
MORELLA WENDIGO: The Ravens are hunting it. In fact, here's one of them now. Raven, have you located the feline?
RAVEN: The feline evades us.
UGLOSI: Oh, then, keep searching. Find it. Exterminate it.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, let's not be hasty.
RAVEN: Another matter has arisen.
UGLOSI: Nothing is more important. Nothing!
MORELLA WENDIGO: What matter? Guard Commander?
RAVEN: Murder.

TAMSIN DREW: It wasn't me. You must see that.
RAVEN: You will remain silent.
TAMSIN DREW: I know it looks bad, but I couldn't, just couldn't. Really.
RAVEN: Speak no more.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, Tamsin - don't touch anything.
TAMSIN DREW: It's a bit late for that. I'm covered in it.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I see. Well, never mind.
MORELLA WENDIGO: That'll be hell to shift.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, well, there's not a lot you don't know about blood on one's hands.
THE DOCTOR: Quiet, you two. Now, what about this poor devil?
RAVEN: Do not contaminate the evidence.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not planning to.
TAMSIN DREW: It cut him, he said, with its...
THE DOCTOR: With its claws, yes. Hence the distinct curvature of the wound.
UGLOSI: Just like the others on Major.
THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't know.
UGLOSI: Wounds that can only have been made by the claws of a feral spitting beast.
THE DOCTOR: Senior Prosecutor, whatever conclusion you're about to leap to, I assure you it's wrong.
UGLOSI: The beast that you, Doctor, brought here.
TAMSIN DREW: The cat?
THE DOCTOR: Told you.
UGLOSI: Ravens. Restrain this pair. They are surely accomplice to murder.
TAMSIN DREW: There's no way a cat did that!
THE DOCTOR: Oh, a cat did it all right.
TAMSIN DREW: I'm sorry?
THE DOCTOR: It's just that going by the arc of these injuries, and depending on whether it was on all fours or up on its hind legs...

TAMSIN DREW: What?
THE DOCTOR: It'd have to be say ten to fourteen feet from tip to tail.
TAMSIN DREW: Big cat.
THE DOCTOR: I'll say.
UGLOSI: I tire of this. Ravens, render these persons insensible.
TAMSIN DREW: Don't you dare.
(RAVENS caw, their echo dies away.)

UGLOSI: (speaker) Doctor, you may wake.
THE DOCTOR: It's all coming back to me. The temporal storm. The Villa Diodati and you.
UGLOSI: (speaker) Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, the planet Nevermore, of course. Oh, tied up. Again?
UGLOSI: (speaker) You are now laid upon your back, and at full length, on a low framework of wood.
THE DOCTOR: Uglosi, is that you?
UGLOSI: (speaker) To this you are securely bound by a long strap that passes in many convolutions about your limbs and body, leaving at liberty only your head.
THE DOCTOR: Helpful, since there's hardly any light in here. Where am I, Uglosi?
UGLOSI: (speaker) Looking upward, you survey the ceiling of your prison, some thirty or forty feet overhead.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, you'll have to give my eyes time to adjust. I've not been eating my carrots.
UGLOSI: (speaker) In one of its panels a very singular figure rivets your whole attention.
THE DOCTOR: Does it? Ah. It does.
UGLOSI: (speaker) It is the painted figure of Time as is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he holds...
THE DOCTOR: A huge pendulum. All right Uglosi, I get it.
UGLOSI: (speaker) You fancy that you see it in motion. Its sweep is brief, and of course slow.
THE DOCTOR: Where did it come from, Uglosi, your strange obsession with the works of Edgar Allan Poe?
UGLOSI: (speaker) Again you cast your eyes upward. What you then see confounds and amazes you.
THE DOCTOR: Hardly. What else would one expect to find in a house called Nevermore policed by ravens other than a pit, and a slow descending pendulum.
(Sound of swishing pendulum.)

TAMSIN DREW: What ... where am I?
BERENICE: (speaker) The boundaries which divide Life from Death are at best shadowy and vague. Who shall say where the one ends...
TAMSIN DREW: Is that ... Berenice?
BERENICE: (speaker) And the other begins?
TAMSIN DREW: I can't see, I can't get up. Please.
(Tapping on above her.)
TAMSIN DREW: I'm stuck inside something. Please help me.
BERENICE: (speaker) We know that there are diseases in which occur total cessations of all the apparent functions of vitality, and yet in which these cessations are merely suspensions...
TAMSIN DREW: I don't understand, it's ... what, padded?
BERENICE: (speaker) Apart, however, from the inevitable conclusion, that such cases of suspended animation must naturally give rise, now and then, to premature interments.
TAMSIN DREW: It's a coffin. No! No, I'm in a coffin!
BERENICE: (speaker) Apart from this consideration, we have the direct testimony of medical and ordinary experience to prove that a vast number of such interments have actually taken place.
TAMSIN DREW: Please, let me out! Let me out, please!

UGLOSI: (speaker) You now observe, Doctor, that the nether extremity of the pendulum is formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn.
THE DOCTOR: Approximately, yes.
UGLOSI: (speaker) The horns upward, and the under edge as keen as that of a razor.
THE DOCTOR: I no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture.

UGLOSI: (speaker) Inch by inch, line by line, down and still down it comes!
THE DOCTOR: But this is too much trouble, surely, to build all this into a prison?
UGLOSI: (speaker) It sweeps so closely over as to fan you with its acrid breath.
THE DOCTOR: What do you want? Uglosi, tell me, what is it you want?
UGLOSI: (speaker) You are an agent of the Time Lords. You must confess.
THE DOCTOR: I confess nothing.
UGLOSI: (speaker) Down - steadily down it creeps.
THE DOCTOR: It does appear rather close.
UGLOSI: (speaker) Down - certainly, relentlessly down!

(Banging on lid.)
TAMSIN DREW: Please, no! Help me, please!
BERENICE: (speaker) No event is so terribly well adapted to inspire the supremeness of bodily and of mental distress, as is burial before death.
TAMSIN DREW: I can't breathe!
BERENICE: (speaker) The unendurable oppression of the lungs ... the rigid embrace of the narrow house ... the unseen but palpable presence of the Conqueror Worm.
TAMSIN DREW: Please...
BERENICE: (speaker) These things, I say, carry into the heart, which still palpitates, a degree of appalling and intolerable horror from which the most daring imagination must recoil.
(Silence.)
BERENICE: (speaker) Miss Drew? M-Miss Drew?
MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) Little fool. You've killed her.

UGLOSI: (speaker) Down - still unceasingly - still inevitably down!
THE DOCTOR: Close enough to cut open the rightmost of my two hearts. Yes Uglosi, I am a Time Lord.
UGLOSI: (speaker) And?
THE DOCTOR: And that's all.
UGLOSI: (speaker) Then you will die, Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Well, I would - were this anything other than a lurid little fantasy being piped through my right ear.
UGLOSI: This is no fantasy.
THE DOCTOR: Come on Uglosi, I shut down the whole right side of my body on the off-chance. Would you know, the pit, the pendulum, all just disappeared. So here we are, back in the lounge. This sofa's too spongy, I think I preferred the rack.
UGLOSI: That can be arranged.
THE DOCTOR: What is it you've stuck in my ear, some sort of bug, operating directly on the perception centres of the brain?
UGLOSI: All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, that's got it. Little gold bug. Very neat.
UGLOSI: Normally such a device is placed in each of the ears.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, stereo?
UGLOSI: But the other of the pair is being used to give your companion a ... premature burial.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no. No, no, no, no. Tamsin? Tamsin!
UGLOSI: She's in another wing, Doctor, she can't hear you.
THE DOCTOR: You don't understand. She's human.
UGLOSI: All the more reason, Doctor, for you to confess!
THE DOCTOR: The Time Lords sterilised this planet, Uglosi. Why would they be in the business of carrying out extrajudicial assassinations twenty years after the fact. Unless ... unless they had something to hide.

(TAMSIN DREW breathes.)
BERENICE: I-is she...?
MORELLA WENDIGO: She's alive. No thanks to you. No thanks to these books of Edgar Allan Poe.
TAMSIN DREW: Can you hear me? Oh, somebody. Somebody, please.
BERENICE: I think ...I think, one of her hearts has stopped. The other's not strong either...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Out of the way. Let me.
BERENICE: What is it?

MORELLA WENDIGO: Idiot. She only has one heart. She's not a Time Lord.
BERENICE: But that...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Don't you see? They were telling the truth. Go. Tell Uglosi. Go!
BERENICE: Yes. Yes, of course.

UGLOSI: Everyone has something to hide, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, Edgar knew that better than most. The Black Cat, for example, wailing from behind a bricked-up wall directing the policeman to the body of the murdered wife.
UGLOSI: Edgar?
THE DOCTOR: Eddie, his friends called him. Not that they numbered many. Yes, the Black Cat. Guilt incarnate. Guilt that can't be worn up, or buried.
UGLOSI: You ... knew Poe?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no. Well, that's to say, I - I met him once. Or Prince Prospero retreated to a castellated abbey, while the Red Death ravaged his people - but there's no escaping fate, not in the end.
UGLOSI: You lie! You could not have met the master.
THE DOCTOR: It was the Autumn of Eighteen Forty-Nine, in the city of Baltimore. I was attending to ... well, let's say some other business, when I was approached by a hotel manager who'd mistaken my title for a medical qualification. He told me there was a gentleman rather the worse for wear who'd taken up residence here at a local tavern, and appeared to be in great distress.

(Sound of crowd.)
THE DOCTOR: (Narrating) That's where I saw him. In a circle of inebriates. Unwashed, raving. Wearing an old straw hat, clutching a cane. I took him to be drunk at first.

THE DOCTOR: You appear to be shaking, sir, despite the warmth of the evening.
POE: And what business is it of yours, sir?
THE DOCTOR: Merely an observation. A friendly enquiry as to the state of your health.
POE: The best thing a friend can do for me would be to blow out my brains with a pistol. Do you have a pistol?

THE DOCTOR: (Narrating) As we spoke I realised, a little to my horror, that the fellow was perfectly sober.

POE: We here all of us, and in the city beyond, we, sir, are surrounded.
THE DOCTOR: We are?
POE: I see them, even when my eyes are shut, especially when my eyes are shut, spectres walk among us. Spectres, and phantoms, at every man's shoulder. There. There, and there.
THE DOCTOR: Care... care... careful, sir. You won't beat back spectres with a cane. Well, not in my experience you won't.
POE: You have experience of ghost-busting, then?
THE DOCTOR: There are other worlds side by side with ours and sometimes...
POE: Sometimes the levies break.
THE DOCTOR: That's one way of putting it.
POE: Oh, sir, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Doctor.
POE: Yes, you ... you must be. I have been searching for a fellow of learning, to whom I might impart my final message.
THE DOCTOR: Final message?
POE: Here, sir. Here.
THE DOCTOR: I don't drink. Well, not often.
POE: No, no. The content of the bottle. Look.

THE DOCTOR: (Narrating) Curled up inside the bottle was a roll of paper. Several sheets, in fact.

POE: I have been to and from New York in Philadelphia, in search of an editor who will publish it. But Messers Griswold, White and all they took it for another of my grotesques, and not a good one either. And Ligeia, and Usher - now, they're in this.

THE DOCTOR: I know your work sir.
POE: A revelation came to me, you see, not long after the death of my beloved Virginia. Two good years past.
THE DOCTOR: Right.
POE: It's all here, sir. Here, inside this bottle. The haunters of the dark, the demons incarnate who seek to drown us all in the seas of our own despair.
TAVERN GOER: That's him, there in the hat. That's Evil Eddie.
POE: See? They are coming, sir. Coming to take me away.
THE DOCTOR: Poe, Poe, they are orderlies from the hospital, on the corner of Broadway and Fayette, they're here to help.
POE: But, having written the truth, the heavens now encompass me. To you, Doctor, I entrust this message. You may distribute it as you see fit, to men of learning the whole world over. I have told the truth, and the Lord shall take my poor benighted soul.

THE DOCTOR: He died delirious, as you know, three days later. Some say it was cholera, rabies, even..
UGLOSI: Ah, but, his message, his final statement. Did you take it?
THE DOCTOR: Well, yes.
UGLOSI: And ... and did you read it?
THE DOCTOR: Release Tamsin and I'll tell you.
UGLOSI: You presume to bargain with the final words of the greatest writer who ever lived?
THE DOCTOR: Whatever floats your boat. Me, I'd say Enid Blyton.
UGLOSI: Raven. Raven!
(Door slides open. Walking.)
RAVEN: Senior Prosecutor?
UGLOSI: Go, tell my dau... tell Doctor Ward to release Miss Drew and bring her here.
RAVEN: As you instruct.
(Walking away. Door slides closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
UGLOSI: Well, Doctor. The words...
THE DOCTOR: Once Miss Drew is returned to me. But while we're waiting why don't you tell me what really happened here on Nevermore, all those years ago.

MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) Tamsin. It's Tamsin, isn't it?
TAMSIN DREW: Please, help me.
MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) It's a lovely day on Corinth. Lovely and warm.
TAMSIN DREW: Corinth?
MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) You remember. Corinth, as it used to be before the Death.
TAMSIN DREW: Corinth? Are you sure?
MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) You're lying on your back, on a beach of powdered gemstones, glitter-birds wheeling in the skies.
TAMSIN DREW: So long as it's not killer seagulls.
MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) You're safe now, Tamsin. You can open your eyes.
TAMSIN DREW: If you're sure.
MORELLA WENDIGO: (speaker) Oh, just do it, will you?
(Sea breeze sounds stop.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh!
MORELLA WENDIGO: And you're back in the room.
TAMSIN DREW: You? But...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Tap your head. There's a bug in your ear.
(TAMSIN DREW gasps in fear.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh! What sort of...!
MORELLA WENDIGO: The left.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, bug. I thought you meant bug.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Obviously.
TAMSIN DREW: Hang on, have you been messing with my head?

UGLOSI: When the war was only six weeks old, a strange little man was brought before my court on a charge of vagrancy. In private, he begged for my discretion, promised he had information that could change my planet's destiny for the better.

THE DOCTOR: A Time traveller?
UGLOSI: He told me that in three months time our leader General Verdagast would land on Corinth not to rest himself, but to broker a secret deal with the enemy side.
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
UGLOSI: This acquiescence would become infamous he said, the Corinth Compact. When the two sides joined forces, we would become an empire, an unstoppable blight on the region. For the greater good, he said, it would be better if that empire never arose. He amused me in his conviction. I let him go.
THE DOCTOR: But you couldn't help wondering.
UGLOSI: What if it were true. I was a well-connected man. When I heard that Verdagast was leaving for Corinth exactly when the Time traveller said he would, I had no option.
THE DOCTOR: You told Wendigo.
UGLOSI: She was as surprised as I. When her agents reported that yes, Verdagast was planning to sign such an agreement, she arranged to assassinate our traitor general using a bacteriological weapon.
THE DOCTOR: So there could be no compact on Corinth, not now, not ever.

(Slow walking while speaking.)
TAMSIN DREW: So that was Corinth you showed me. The planet you...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Say it. Destroyed. I've not hidden the fact.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, but ... aren't you ashamed?
MORELLA WENDIGO: It was pretty enough. All those gemstones however made it a haven for dirty money.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, but...
MORELLA WENDIGO: In destroying Corinth, I ended the arms trade in this sector of the galaxy pretty much.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, but...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Will you stop saying that?
TAMSIN DREW: But ... the Doctor's right. Some things you can't justify.
MORELLA WENDIGO: I'm justifying nothing. I never meant to end the war. I meant to turn the tide against the peacemakers, to seize control from General Verdagast, to further the conflict. Instead I bankrupted two armies. Funny how things turn out. Come on.
THE DOCTOR: A Class One temporal intervention. No wonder this planet attracted the Time Lords' attention.
UGLOSI: And how better to conceal their own involvement in the most terrible crime than by assassinating all those who might have known of it.
THE DOCTOR: I don't follow.
UGLOSI: Don't pretend you don't see. The Time traveller, the one who primed me to betray Verdagast. He was one of your own.
THE DOCTOR: No - no, no, no. There is only one of us who ever fell so far, and he ... well, he's no longer around.
UGLOSI: Now they've sent their creature to kill the last of Wendigo's lieutenants and you, Doctor, brought it here.
THE DOCTOR: If that were true, why now, who not twenty years ago?
UGLOSI: I...
THE DOCTOR: And another thing, it strikes me that this creature isn't necessarily killing those who knew about the mysterious Time Lords involved.
UGLOSI: The facts are undeniable.
THE DOCTOR: It's killing those who knew about yours.
(Door slides open. Out of breath)
BERENICE: Prosecutor, the - the Drew woman. She's not a Time Lord.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, look. It's Berenice Ward. Named by you, I presume, Uglosi.
BERENICE: P-Prosecutor? What has this man been saying?
THE DOCTOR: Because it strikes me that the man indirectly responsible for causing a Red Death, to lay waste to an entire world, might well be drawn to see a parallel with the Red Death written about famously by the writer Edgar Allan Poe.
UGLOSI: I do not deny this.
THE DOCTOR: And that such a man might have become so obsessed with the works of Poe as to create this theme park of a prison. Oh, and to name his adopted daughter, his ward, after one of Poe's cursed heroines.

UGLOSI: All supposition, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I don't claim it would stand up in court. Berenice Ward, who interviewed all of Wendigo's lieutenants, shortly before they died.
BERENICE: Are you accusing me...
UGLOSI: Why, you're mistaken, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Well, you would say that, wouldn't you?
UGLOSI: Mistaken because...
BERENICE: But ... Prosecutor?
UGLOSI: Because ... forgive me. I investigated the possibility myself.
BERENICE: You did?
UGLOSI: I had to, but ... my dear Berenice, it seems to had a sound alibi for each and every one of the murders.
THE DOCTOR: Well, not unless she had the ability to conjure up a giant killer cat from thin air, of course.
BERENICE: What!
THE DOCTOR: But that would be ridiculous. Well, I think that's me done. Senior Prosecutor, thank you, I shall be petitioning the Lord High President of Gallifrey in person on this matter.
UGLOSI: You will?
THE DOCTOR: And if there's a shred of truth in this allegation that Time Lords were responsible for these killings - well, heads will roll, that I promise you.
BERENICE: Prosecutor, is this acceptable?
UGLOSI: This is...
(Things being moved aside.)
UGLOSI: What was that?
THE DOCTOR: "What was that"!
(Meow.)
UGLOSI: Behind the wall. Oh, mercy.
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, all right, all right, no need to need to panic, it can't get in.
(Meow. UGLOSI cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, not unless it finds the panel I opened earlier. Whoops.
UGLOSI: Ravens! Ravens!
THE DOCTOR: Here, puss. Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, here, here.
(Hissing.)
THE DOCTOR: Ow ... ow! You stupid animal, I'm trying to help.
UGLOSI: Berenice, protect me.
BERENICE: Father, I'm sorry.
(Growl.)
UGLOSI: What ... what?
THE DOCTOR: Berenice. You remember what I said about conjuring a giant killer cat out of thin air?
(Growling and hissing.)
THE DOCTOR: I didn't mean you to take it literally!

TAMSIN DREW: What was that?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Oh no. Come on!

(Growling, meowing.)
THE DOCTOR: The door, Uglosi, the door.
UGLOSI: No, no, it's there.
THE DOCTOR: That, Uglosi, is an ordinary foot-long moggie. On the other hand, that is a twelve-foot high corporeal shadow in the shape of a cat. I know which one bothers me more.
TAMSIN DREW: What's going on ... Oh my God!
THE DOCTOR: And hello Tamsin.
(Growls. UGLOSI gasps.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: There were a few survivors of the Red Death. She was one, a child of Corinth.
TAMSIN DREW: Who, Berenice?
THE DOCTOR: Of course Berenice. My guess is, Uglosi adopted her. I don't know as a penance, but what he didn't realise was...
MORELLA WENDIGO: She was a mutant. All the survivors were mutants.

THE DOCTOR: Very specifically I'm thinking a mutant who...
(Growl.)
THE DOCTOR: Intentionally or otherwise leeches psychic energy from those around her, feeding a shadow entity of some kind. Perhaps one composed of supra-violet radiation.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, that's kind of vague.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I'm being attacked. Not thinking all that clearly.
MORELLA WENDIGO: It's Uglosi's unconscious. It's made of his guilt.
TAMSIN DREW: You what?
THE DOCTOR: A black cat. All those years inside Berenice.
BERENICE: (animal voice) Father read to me, every night, tales of mystery and imagination. Tales of the Murders in the Rue Morgue, and The Mystery Of Marie Roget. Of the facts in the case of Monsieur Valdemort and The Tell Tale Heart.
THE DOCTOR: Feeding the entity, of course, yes.
UGLOSI: I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of the thing on my face, and its vast weight...
MORELLA WENDIGO: Feeding the thing he feared most. His own culpability. His part in the destruction of Corinth.
THE DOCTOR: His guilty conscience made...
(Growl.)
THE DOCTOR: ...drawn to destroy anyone who knew Uglosi's secret.
MORELLA WENDIGO: My lieutenants, now me.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, what about your pilot?
THE DOCTOR: Does it look like Berenice has it under control?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Ravens, Ravens, here.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, look out!
(Growl.)
THE DOCTOR: Ow!
(Heavy walking forward of Ravens.)
RAVEN 1: Prosecutor, your orders.
RAVEN 2: Prosecutor?
UGLOSI: I ... I know what must be done. Ravens, the beast resides inside my daughter. In Berenice Ward.
THE DOCTOR: Uglosi, no. No.
BERENICE: (animal voice) Father, please.
UGLOSI: And so ... you must kill her.
RAVENS: As you command.
TAMSIN DREW: No - no, you mustn't.
THE DOCTOR: You don't understand. You'll make it worse.
BERENICE: (animal voice) Father ... No...
RAVEN: Destroy the feline. Destroy her.
(Cry by BERENICE as RAVENS caw.)
UGLOSI: And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor, Shall be lifted - nevermore!
(Final squawk and silence.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor. Doctor, are you...?
THE DOCTOR: I'm fine, I'm fine. It's made rags of my coat, though.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, you'll have lost your deposit with Bermans and Nathans.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
TAMSIN DREW: Never mind.
(MORELLA WENDIGO laughs.)
UGLOSI: Why? Why are you laughing?
MORELLA WENDIGO: You think you've destroyed the creature. You fool, Uglosi.
(Growl.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: You've set it free!
(MORELLA WENDIGO laughs.)
UGLOSI: Ravens, Ravens, protect me.
RAVEN: Protect the Prosecutor. Protect.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, with me, quick.
TAMSIN DREW: Where to...? Not the wainscoting.
THE DOCTOR: Behind the wall. Come on.

(Sonic screwdriver.)
TAMSIN DREW: So what now, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Now we find our way back to the TARDIS.
TAMSIN DREW: But what about...?
THE DOCTOR: Senior Prosecutor Uglosi has brought this on himself.
TAMSIN DREW: Wendigo. I meant Wendigo. She saved me, Doctor, from being buried alive.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not risking your life - or mine, come to that - to rescue that monster. Oh no.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: That's it, isn't it? Well, don't you see, that's why we're here. Come on!

(Door slides open.)
RAVEN: Prosecutor.
UGLOSI: Raven. There is a creature at large in the house. Prepare to activate secure protocol Nine Seven.
(Bleeps.)
RAVEN: Confirm code name.
UGLOSI: Code name ... Roderick.
RAVEN: Code name accepted.

(Growl of creature.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: So, you've come for me. Come at last.
(Growl.)
MORELLA WENDIGO: You think I haven't longed for this?
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, it's going to kill her.
THE DOCTOR: Stop, stop.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Ignore him.
THE DOCTOR: The creature formerly known as Morella Wendigo, on behalf of the High Council of the Time Lords, I tell you, you are free.
TAMSIN DREW: Did you say free?
THE DOCTOR: She knew, Tamsin, about the survivors.
TAMSIN DREW: What survivors?
THE DOCTOR: Mutants like Berenice, like ... like this. She knew because...
MORELLA WENDIGO: They came for me every night, feeding on me, feeding on my...
THE DOCTOR: Don't say guilt. It wasn't guilt.
MORELLA WENDIGO: My failure. Night after night, year after year of abject mortal horror at my own failure. But slowly, slowly, they made me their home.
TAMSIN DREW: Their what?
MORELLA WENDIGO: Creature, we are many. Come back to us.
THE DOCTOR: The only living person on this planet - of course they latched on to her. They had no choice.
TAMSIN DREW: The survivors of the Red Death - they're in her?
THE DOCTOR: That's why the Time Lords sent us, to release them.
TAMSIN DREW: By releasing her?
THE DOCTOR: But what else would you have me do?
RAVEN: (speaker) Protocol Roderick activated. Five minutes to execution.
TAMSIN DREW: (laugh) Roderick.
THE DOCTOR: It's not funny. Morella? Morella.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Go to the copter bay. Take the copter and go, just go.
MORELLA WENDIGO: Where?
THE DOCTOR: Wherever you like. Somewhere with people. Somewhere they can sustain themselves without becoming over-dependent on any one person's neuroses.
MORELLA WENDIGO: The roof of the copter bay is sealed. Access is controlled from the Raven's nest.
THE DOCTOR: That's where Uglosi is, I presume. Don't worry, I'll sort it out. Just go, go.
TAMSIN DREW: The Raven's nest, then?
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, I don't have time to deal with you.
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry?
THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS is that way.
TAMSIN DREW: But I...

THE DOCTOR: Here, keys, here. Bye.
TAMSIN DREW: What's Roderick? Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: The Fall of the House of Usher. Go!

RAVEN: Three minutes to execution.
UGLOSI: Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door! As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell - the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back.
(Door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: Then without those doors there did stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher.
RAVEN: Alert. Alert. Unauthorised person in the nest.
UGLOSI: Stay, Doctor. I have activated Protocol Roderick.
THE DOCTOR: Bringing down the house. Obvious, really. Uglosi, I'm here to ask you. Tell you. Open the copter bay roof.
UGLOSI: No. You have a TARDIS, do you not?
THE DOCTOR: I do, but Wendigo needs to make her own way.
UGLOSI: That monster must remain here.
THE DOCTOR: Monster, yes, but not the way you think. Do this, and I'll complete our bargain. Poe's last message to the world.
UGLOSI: Your story was true?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I remember it, every last word. I couldn't forget.
UGLOSI: Raven, open copter bay roof.
RAVEN: Roof opening.
(Whirr of helicopter.)
RAVEN: Space copter departing Nevermore.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
RAVEN: Two minutes to execution of protocol Roderick.
UGLOSI: Tell me, Doctor, tell me.
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, we've got time.

THE DOCTOR: There I stood, in the street outside Ryan's Fourth Ward Poles, watching as they carried poor Edgar away to the Washington College Hospital. I still had the bottle in my hand. Curiosity got the better of me. I reached two fingers inside the bottle, extracted the roll of papers inside. Slowly, tenderly, I unfurled them, and I read. Something, something ... verdigris ... something.

UGLOSI: Something, something ... verdigris ... something?
THE DOCTOR: Then something, something ... manifold ... something. A shadow over the ... something, something ... principia of the human ... something.
UGLOSI: Is this a trick?
THE DOCTOR: No trick. In his delirium, Poe had neglected to ensure the bottle was empty.
UGLOSI: And ... the ink had run?
THE DOCTOR: To judge by the state I'd found him in perhaps it was just as well. I sighed, and poured what remained of Poe's last message to the world...
UGLOSI: Into the gutter?
THE DOCTOR: Down the drain.
(UGLOSI laughs.)
RAVEN: Sixty seconds to execution of protocol Roderick. Fifty-nine, fifty-eight...
THE DOCTOR: Goodbye, Uglosi.
(UGLOSI continues to laugh.)
RAVEN: ... fifty-seven, fifty-six, fifty-five, fifty-four, fifty-three, fifty-two, fifty-one...

TAMSIN DREW: The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The blood-red moon now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened - there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind - my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder - there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a

thousand waters - and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "House of U..." Ow! I was reading that!
THE DOCTOR: That's enough Poe for one day. In fact enough for a lifetime.
TAMSIN DREW: I suppose. Today's not been a laugh a minute, has it?
THE DOCTOR: It won't be like this all the time. Well, I hope not, anyway. Right, Humanian Era.
TAMSIN DREW: Because I'd hate to think the future was always going to be quite so grim. It's not, is it?
(Cat meow.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, how did that thing get back in here?
TAMSIN DREW: She was waiting outside the TARDIS. Come on, I wasn't going to leave her.
THE DOCTOR: Broom. Wh-where did I put the broom?
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, don't!
THE DOCTOR: That animal was responsible for everything that happened today. A cat set down among the pigeons.
TAMSIN DREW: Ravens. Yes, but...
THE DOCTOR: You can't still believe it was any kind of coincidence, that it just happened to bring us here, into the domain of a cat-fearing madman?
TAMSIN DREW: On balance, probably not.
THE DOCTOR: It's a highly intelligent, highly dangerous specimen, and it's leaving before it takes us anywhere else the Time Lords have some dirty business they want cleaning up.
TAMSIN DREW: What sort of business?
(Cat purring.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I'm well aware there's a renegade at large. You tell them. I don't care, not in the slightest. Only a broom. Right, go, go on, go on, scram, scram!
(Cat meow. Sound of dematerialisation.)
TAMSIN DREW: It's ... gone. How?
THE DOCTOR: Gone. And good riddance. Because if there's one thing I don't need reminding of, it's the fact that after all these years, all these centuries, sometimes all that I am is a catspaw.